4 The Encomion of Lady Pecunia:

OR

The praiſe of Money.

——— *quærenda pecunia primum eſt,*
Virtus poſt nummos. Horace.

By *Richard Barnfeild*, Graduate in *Oxford.*

LONDON,
Printed by G.S. for Iohn Iaggard, and are to be ſolde at his shoppe neere Temple-barre, at the Signe of the Hand and ſtarre.
1598.

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To the Gentlemen Readers.

GEntlemen, being incouraged through your gentle acceptance of my *Cynthia*, I haue once more aduentured on your Curteſies: hoping to finde you (as I haue done hertofore) friendly. Being determined to write of ſomthing, & yet not reſolued of any thing, I conſidered with my ſelfe, if one ſhould write of Loue (they will ſay) why, euery one writes of Loue: if of Vertue, why, who regards Vertue? To be ſhort, I could thinke of nothing, but either it was common, or not at all in requeſt. At length I bethought my ſelfe of a Subiect, both new (as hauing neuer beene written vpon before) and pleaſing (as I thought) becauſe Mans Nature (commonly) loues to heare that praiſed, with whoſe preſſence, hee is moſt pleaſed.

Eraſmus (the glory of *Netherland*, and the refiner of the Latin Tongue) wrote a whole Booke, in *the prayſe of Folly*. Then if ſo excellent a Scholler, writ in praiſe of Vanity, why may not I write in praiſe of that which is profitable? There are no two Countreys, where Gold is eſteemed, leſſe than in *India*, and more then in *England*: the reaſon is, becauſe the *Indians* are barbarous, and our Nation ciuill.

I haue giuen *Peeunia* the title of a Woman, Both for the termination of the Word, and becauſe (as Women are) ſhee is lov'd of men. The braueſt Voyages in the World, haue beene made for Gold: for it, men haue venterd (by Sea) to the furtheſt parts of the

To the Gentlemen Readers.

Earth: In the Purſute wherof, *Englands Neſtor* and *Neptune* (*Haukins* and *Drake*) loſt their liues. Vpon the Deathes of the which two, of the firſt I writ this:

The Waters were his Winding ſheete, the Sea was made his Toome;
Yet for his fame the Ocean Sea, was not ſufficient roome.

Of the latter this:

England *his hart; his Corps the Waters haue:*
And that which rayſd his fame, became his graue.

The *Prætorians* (after the death of *Pertinax*) in the election of a new Emperour, more eſteemed the money of *Iulianus*, then either the vertue of *Seuerus*, or the Valour of *Peſſennius*. Then of what great eſtimation and account, this Lady *Pecunia*, both hath beene in the Worlde, and is at this preſent, I leaue to your Iudgement. But what ſpeake I ſo much of her praiſe in my Epiſtle, that haue commended her ſo at large, in my Booke? To the reading wherof, (Gentlemen) I referre you.

The prayſe of Lady Pecunia.

I Sing not of *Angellica* the faire,
(For whom the Palladine of *Fraunce* fell mad)
Nor of ſweet *Roſamond*, olde *Cliffords* heire,
(Whoſe death did make the ſecond *Henry* ſad)
But of the faireſt Faire *Pecunia*,
The famous Queene of rich *America*.

Goddeſſe of Golde, great Empreſſe of the Earth,
O thou that canſt doo all Thinges vnder Heauen:
That dooſt conuert the ſaddeſt minde to Mirth;
(Of whom the elder Age was quite bereauen)
Of thee Ile ſing, and in thy Prayſe Ile write;
You *golden Angels* helpe me to indite.

You

The prayſe of

You, you alone, can make my Muſe to ſpeake;
And tell a golden Tale, with ſiluer Tongue:
You onely can my pleaſing ſilence breake;
And adde ſome Muſique, to a merry Songue:
Bnt amongſt all the fiue, in Muſicks Art,
I would not ſing the *Counter*-tenor part.

The Meane is beſt, and that I meane to keepe;
So ſhall I keepe my ſelfe from That I meane:
Leſt with ſome Others, I be forc'd to weepe,
And cry *Peccaui*, in a dolefull Scæne.
But to the matter which I haue in hand,
The Lady Regent, both by Sea and Land.

When *Saturne* liu'd, and wore the Kingly Crowne,
(And *Ioue* was yet vnborne, but not vnbred)
This Ladies fame was then of no renowne;
(For Golde was then, no more eſteem'd then Lead)
Then Truth and Honeſty were onely vſ'd,
Siluer and Golde were vtterly refuſ'd.

But

But when the Worlde grew wiſer in Conceit,
And ſaw how Men in manners did decline,
How Charitie began to looſe her heate,
And One did at anothers good repine,
Then did the Aged, firſt of all reſpect her;
And vowd from thencefoorth, neuer to reiect her.

Thus with the Worlde, her beauty did increaſe;
And manie Suters had ſhe to obtaine her:
Some ſought her in the Wars; and ſome in peace;
But few of youthfull age, could euer gaine her:
Or if they did, ſhe ſoone was gone againe;
And would with them, but little while remaine.

For why againſt the Nature of her Sexe,
(That commonlie diſpiſe the feeble Olde)
Shee, loues olde men; but young men ſhee reiects;
Becauſe to her, their Loue is quicklie colde:
Olde men (like Husbands iealous of their Wiues)
Lock her vp faſt, and keepe her as their Liues.

The prayſe of

The young man careleſſe to maintaine his life,
Neglects her Loue (as though he did abhor her)
Like one that hardly doeth obtaine a wife,
And when he hath her once, he cares not for her:
Shee, ſeeing that the young man doeth deſpyſe her,
Leaues the franke hart, and flies vnto the Myſer.

Hee intertaines her, with a ioyfull hart;
And ſeemes to rue her vndeſerued wrong:
And from his Preſſence, ſhe ſhall neuer part;
Or if ſhe doo, he thinks her Abſence long:
And oftentimes he ſends for her againe,
Whoſe life without her, cannot long remaine.

And when he hath her, in his owne poſſeſſion,
He locks her in an iron-barred Cheſt;
And doubting ſomewhat, of the like Tranſgreſſion,
He holds that iron-walled Priſon beſt.
And leaſt ſome *ruſty* ſickneſſe ſhould infect her,
He often viſits her, and doeth reſpect her.

As

As for the young man (ſubiect vnto ſinne)
No maruell though the Diuell doe diſtreſſe him;
To tempt mans frailtie, which doth neuer linne)
Who many times, hath not a *Croſſe* to bleſſe him:
But how can hee incurre the Heauens Curſe,
That hath ſo many *Croſſes* in his Purſe?

Hee needes not feare thoſe wicked ſprights, that waulke
Vnder the Couerture of cole-blacke Night;
For why the Diuell ſtill, a *Croſſe* doeth baulke,
Becauſe on it, was hangd the Lorde of Light:
But let not Myſers truſt to *ſiluer Croſſes*,
Leaſt in the End, their gaines be turnd to loſſes.

But what care they, ſo they may hoorde vp golde?
Either for God, or Diuell, or Heauen, or Hell?
So they may faire *Pecuniaes* face behold;
And euery Day, their Mounts of Money tell.
What tho to count their Coyne, they neuer blin,
Count they their Coyne, and counts not God their ſin?

But what talke I of ſinne, to Vſurers?
Or looke for mendment, at a Myſers hand?
Pecunia, hath ſo many followers,
Bootleſſe it is, her Power to with-ſtand.
King *Couetiſe*, and *Warineſſe* his Wife,
The Parents were, that firſt did giue her Life.

But now vnto her Praiſe I will proceede,
Which is as ample, as the Worlde is wide:
What great Contentment doth her Preſſence breede
In him, that can his wealth with Wyſdome guide?
She is the Soueraigne Queene, of all Delights:
For her the Lawyer pleades; the Souldier fights.

For her, the Merchant venters on the Seas:
For her, the Scholler ſtuddies at his Booke:
For her, the Vſurer (with greater eaſe)
For ſillie fiſhes, layes a ſiluer hooke:
For her, the Townſman leaues the Countrey Village:
For her, the Plowman giues himſelfe to Tillage.

Lady Pecunia.

For her, the Gentleman doeth raiſe his rents:
For her, the Seruingman attends his maiſter:
For her, the curious head new toyes inuents:
For her, to Sores, the Surgeon layes his plaiſter.
In fine for her, each man in his Vocation,
Applies himſelfe, in euerie ſev'rall Nation.

What can thy hart deſire, but thou mayſt haue it,
If thou haſt readie money to disburſe?
Then thanke thy Fortune, that ſo freely gaue it;
For of all friends, the ſureſt is thy purſe.
Friends may proue falſe, and leaue thee in thy need;
Bút ſtill thy Purſe will bee thy friend indeed.

Admit thou come, into a place vnknowne;
And no man knowes, of whence, or what thou art:
If once thy faire *Pecunia*, ſhee be ſhowne,
Thou art eſteem'd a man of great Deſart:
And placed at the Tables vpper ende;
Not for thine owne ſake, but thy faithfull frende.

But if you want your Ladies louely grace,
And haue not wherewithall to pay your ſhot,
Your Hoſtis preſſently will ſtep in Place,
You are a Stranger (Sir) I know you not:
By truſting Diuers, I am run in Det;
Therefore of mee, nor meate nor Bed you get.

O who can then, expreſſe the worthie praiſe,
Which faire *Pecunia* iuſtly doeth deſarue?
That can the meaneſt man, to Honor raiſe;
And feed the ſoule, that ready is to ſtarue.
Affection, which was wont to bee ſo pure,
Againſt a golden Siege, may not endure.

Witneſſe the Trade of Mercenary ſinne;
(Or Occupation, if you liſt to tearme it)
Where faire *Pecunia* muſt the ſuite beginne;
(As common-tride Experience doeth confirme it)
Not *Mercury* himſelfe, with ſiluer Tongue,
Can ſo inchaunt, as can a golden Songue.

When

Lady Pecunia.

When nothing could ſubdue the *Phrygian Troy.*
(That Citty through the World ſo much renowned)
Pecunia did her vtterly deſtroy:
And left her fame, in darke Obliuion drowned.
And many Cities ſince, no leſſe in fame,
For Loue of her, haue yeelded to their ſhame.

What Thing is then, ſo well belov'd as money?
It is a ſpeciall Comfort to the minde;
More faire then Women are; more ſweet then honey:
Eaſie to looſe, but verry harde to finde.
In fine, to him, whoſe Purſe beginns to faint,
Golde is a God, and Siluer is a Saint.

The Tyme was once, when Honeſtie was counted
A Demy god; and ſo eſteem'd of all:
But now *Pecunia* on his Seate is mounted;
Since Honeſtie in great Diſgrace did fall.
No ſtate, no Calling now, doeth him eſteeme;
Nor of the other ill, doeth any deeme.

The reaſon is, becauſe he is ſo poore:
(And who reſpects the poore, and needie Creature?)
Still begging of his almes, from Doore to Doore:
All ragd, and torne; and eeke deformd in feature.
In Countinance ſo changde, that none can know him;
So weake, that euery vice doeth ouerthrow him.

But faire *Pecunia*, (moſt diuinely bred)
For ſundrie ſhapes, doth *Proteus* ſelfe ſurpaſſe:
In one Lande, ſhe is ſuted all in Lead;
And in another, ſhe is clad in Braſſe:
But ſtill within the Coaſt of *Albion*,
She euer puts, her beſt Apparell on.

Siluer and Golde, and nothing elſe is currant,
In *Englands*, in faire *Englands* happy Land:
All baſer ſortes of Mettalls, haue no Warrant;
Yet ſecretly they *ſlip*, from hand to hand.
If any ſuch be tooke, the ſame is loſt,
And preſſently is nayled on a Poſt.

Which with Quick-ſiluer, being flouriſht ouer,
Seemes to be perfect Siluer, to the ſhowe:
As Woemens paintings, their defects doe couer,
Vnder this falſe attyre, ſo doe they goe.
If on a woollen Cloth, thou rub the ſame,
Then will it ſtraight beginne to bluſh, for ſhame.

If chafed on thy haire, till it be hot,
If it good Siluer bee, the ſcent is ſweete:
If counterfeit, thy chafing hath begot
A ranke-ſmelt ſauour; for a Queene vnmeete:
Pecunia is a Queene, for her Deſarts,
And in the Decke, may goe for *Queene of harts.*

The Queene of harts, becauſe ſhe rules all harts;
And hath all harts, obedient to her Will:
Whoſe Bounty, fame vnto the Worlde imparts;
And with her glory, all the Worlde doeth fill:
The Queene of Diamonds, ſhe cannot bee;
There is but one, ELIZA, thou art ſhee.

And thou art ſhee, O ſacred Soueraigne;
Whom God hath helpt with his Al-mighty hand:
Bleſſing thy People, with thy peacefull raigne;
And made this little Land, a happy Land:
May all thoſe liue, that wiſh long Life to thee,
And all the reſt, periſh eternally.

The tyme was once, when faire *Pecunia*, here
Did baſely goe attyred all in Leather:
But ſince her raigne, ſhe neuer did appeere
But richly clad; in Golde, or Siluer either:
Nor reaſon is it, that her Golden raigne
With baſer Coyne, eclypſed ſhould remaine.

And as the Coyne ſhe hath repurifyde,
From baſer ſubſtance, to the pureſt Mettels:
Religion ſo, hath ſhee refinde beſide,
From Papiſtrie, to Truth; which daily ſettles
Within her Peoples harts; though ſome there bee,
That cleaue vnto their wonted Papiſtrie.

No

Lady Pecunia.

No flocke of ſheepe, but ſome are ſtill infected:
No peece of Lawne ſo pure, but hath ſome fret:
All buildings are not ſtrong, that are erected:
All Plants proue not, that in good ground are ſet:
Some tares are ſowne, amongſt the choiceſt ſeed:
No garden can be cleanſd of euery Weede.

But now to her, whoſe praiſe is here pretended,
(Diuine *Pecunia*) fairer then the morne:
Which cannot be ſufficiently commended;
Whoſe Sun-bright Beauty doeth the Worlde adorne.
Adorns the World, but ſpecially the Purſe;
Without whoſe preſſence, nothing can be woorſe.

Not faire *Heſione* (King *Priams* ſiſter)
Did euer ſhowe more Beauty, in her face,
Then can this louely Lady, if it liſt her
To ſhowe her ſelfe; admir'd for comely grace:
Which neither Age can weare, nor Tyme conclude;
For why, her Beauty yeerely is renude.

The prayſe of

New Coyne is coynd each yeare, within the Tower;
So that her Beauty neuer can decay:
Which to reſiſt, no mortall man hath Power,
When as ſhe doeth her glorious Beames diſplay.
Nor doeth *Pecunia*, onely pleaſe the eie,
But charms the eare, with heauenly Harmonie.

Lyke to an other *Orpheus*, can ſhe play
Vpon her *treble Harpe*, whoſe ſiluer ſound
Inchaunts the eare, and ſteales the hart away:
Nor hardly can deceit, therein be found.
Although ſuch Muſique, ſome a Shilling coſt,
Yet is it worth but *Nine-pence*, at the moſt.

Had I the ſweet inchaunting Tongue of *Tully*,
That charmd the hearers, lyke the Syrens Song;
Yet could I not deſcribe the Prayſes fully,
Which to *Pecunia* iuſtly doe belong.
Let it ſuffice, her Beauty doeth excell:
Whoſe praiſe no Pen can paint, no Tongue can tell.

Then

Then how ſhall I deſcribe, with artleſſe Pen,
The praiſe of her, whoſe praiſe, all praiſe ſurmounteth?
Breeding amazement, in the mindes of men:
Of whom, this preſſent Age ſo much accounteth.
Varietie of Words, would ſooner want,
Then ſtore of plentious matter, would be ſcant.

Whether yee liſt, to looke into the Citty:
(Where money tempts the poore Beholders eye)
Or to the Countrey Townes, deuoyde of Pitty:
(Where to the poore, each place doeth almes denye)
All Things for money now, are bought and ſolde,
That either hart can thinke, or eie beholde.

Nay more for money (as report doeth tell)
Thou mayſt obtaine a Pardon for thy ſinnes:
The Pope of *Rome*, for money will it ſell;
(Whereby thy ſoule, no ſmall ſaluation winnes)
But how can hee (of Pride the chiefe Beginner)
Forgiue thy ſinnes, that is himſelfe a ſinner?

Then, ſith the Pope is ſubiect vnto ſinne,
No maruell tho, diuine *Pecunia* tempt him,
With her faire Beauty; whoſe good-will to winne,
Each one contends; and ſhall we then exempt him.
Did neuer mortall man, yet looke vpon her,
But ſtraightwaies he became, enamourd on her.

Yet would I wiſh, the Wight that loues her ſo,
And hath obtain'd, the like good-will againe,
To vſe her wiſely, leſt ſhe proue his foe;
And ſo, in ſtead of Pleaſure, breed his paine.
She may be kyſt; but ſhee muſt not be *clipt*:
Leſt ſuch Delight in bitter gall be dypt.

The iuyce of grapes, which is a ſoueraigne Thing
To cheere the hart, and to reuiue the ſpirits;
Being vſde immoderatly (in ſurfetting)
Rather Diſpraiſe, then commendation merits:
Euen ſo *Pecunia*, is, as ſhee is vſed;
Good of her ſelfe, but bad if once abuſed.

Lady Pecunia.

With her, the Tenant payes his Landlords rent:
On her, depends the ſtay of euery ſtate:
To her, rich Preſſents euery day are ſent:
In her, it reſts to end all dire Debate:
Through her, to Wealth, is raiſd the Countrey Boore:
From her, proceedes much proffit to the poore.

Then how can I, ſufficiently commend,
Her Beauties worth, which makes the World to wonder?
Or end her prayſe, whoſe prayſes haue no End?
Whoſe abſence brings the ſtouteſt ſtomack vnder:
Let it ſuffice, *Pecunia* hath no peere;
No Wight, no Beauty held; more faire, more deere.

FINIS.

His Prayer to Pecunia.

GReat Lady, ſith I haue compylde thy Prayſe,
(According to my skill) and not thy merit:
And ſought thy Fame aboue the ſtarrs to rayſe;
(Had I ſweete *Ovids* vaine, or *Virgils* ſpirit)
I craue no more but this, for my good-will,
That in my Want, thou wilt ſupplye me ſtill.

THE
Complaint of Poetrie,
for the Death of Liberalitie.

Viuit post funera virtus.

LONDON,
Printed by G. S. for Iohn Iaggard, and are to be solde at his shoppe neere Temple-barre, at the Signe of the Hand and Starre.
1598.

To his VVorſhipfull wel-willer, Maiſter *Edward Leigh*, of Grayes Inne.

IMage of that, whoſe loſſe is here lamented;
(In whom, ſo many vertues are contained)
Daine to accept, what I haue novv preſented.
Though Bounties death, herein be only fained,
If in your mind, ſhe not reuiue (with ſpeed)
Then will I ſweare, that ſhee is dead indeed.

THE COMPLAINT OF Poetrie, for the Death of Liberalitie.

WEepe Heauens now, for you haue loſt your light;
Ye Sunne and Moone, beare witneſſe of my mone:
The cleere is turnd to clouds; the day to night;
And all my hope, and all my ioy is gone:
Bounty is dead, the cauſe of my annoy;
Bounty is dead, and with her dide my ioy.

O who can comfort my afflicted ſoule?
Or adde ſome ende to my increaſing ſorrowes?
Who can deliuer me from endleſſe dole?
(Which from my hart eternall torment borrowes.)
When *Bounty* liu'd, I bore the Bell away;
When *Bounty* dide, my credit did decay.

The Complaint of Poetrie,

I neuer then, did write one verſe in vaine;
Nor euer went my Poems vnregarded:
Then did each Noble breaſt, me intertaine,
And for my Labours I was well rewarded:
But now *Good wordes*, are ſtept in *Bountie* place,
Thinking thereby, her glorie to diſgrace.

But who can liue with words, in theſe hard tymes?
(Although they came from *Iupiter* himſelfe?)
Or who can take ſuch Paiment, for his Rymes?
(When nothing now, is ſo eſteem'd as Pelfe?)
Tis not *Good wordes*, that can a man maintaine;
Wordes are but winde; and winde is all but vaine.

Where is *Mecœnas*, Learnings noble Patron?
(That *Maroes* Muſe, with Bountie ſo did cheriſh?)
Or faire *Zenobia*, that worthy Matron?
(Whoſe name, for Learnings Loue, ſhall neuer periſh)
What tho their Bodies, lie full lowe in graue,
Their fame the worlde; their ſoules the Heauens haue.

Vile

for the death of Liberalitie.

Vile *Auaricia*, how haſt thou inchaunted
The Noble mindes, of great and mightie Men?
Or what infernall furie late hath haunted
Their niggard purſes? (to the learned pen)
Was it *Auguſtus* wealth, or noble minde,
That euerlaſting fame, to him aſsinde?

If wealth? Why *Cræſus* was more rich then hee;
(Yet *Cræſus* glorie, with his life did end)
It was his Noble mind, that moued mee
To write his praiſe, and eeke his Acts commend.
Who ere had heard, of *Alexanders* fame,
If *Quintus Curtius* had not pend the ſame?

Then ſith by mee, their deedes haue been declared,
(Which elſe had periſht with their liues decay)
Who to augment their glories, haue not ſpared
To crowne their browes, with neuer-fading Bay:
What Art deſerues ſuch Liberalitie,
As doeth the peerleſſe Art of Poetrie?

But

The Complaint of Poetrie,

But *Liberalitie* is dead and gone:
And *Auarice* vſurps true *Bounties* ſeat.
For her it is, I make this endleſſe mone,
(Whoſe praiſes worth no pen can well repeat)
Sweet *Liberalitie* adiew for euer,
For *Poetrie* againe, ſhall ſee thee neuer.

Neuer againe, shall I thy preſence ſee:
Neuer againe, shal I thy bountie taſt:
Neuer againe, shall I accepted bee:
Neuer againe, shal I be ſo embrac't:
Neuer againe, shall I the bad recall:
Neuer againe, shall I be lou'd of all.

Thou waſt the Nurſe, whoſe Bountie gaue me ſucke:
Thou waſt the Sunne, whoſe beames did lend me light:
Thou waſt the Tree, whoſe fruit I ſtill did plucke:
Thou waſt the Patron, to maintaine my right:
Through thee I liu'd; on thee I did relie;
In thee I ioy'd; and now for thee I die.

What

for the Death of Liberalitie.

What man, hath lately loſt a faithfull frend?
Or Husband, is depriued of his Wife?
But doth his after-daies in dolour ſpend?
(Leading a loathſome, diſcontented life?
Dearer then friend, or wife, haue I forgone;
Then maruell not, although I make ſuch mone.

Faire *Philomela*, ceaſe thy ſad complaint;
And lend thine eares, vnto my dolefull Ditty:
(Whoſe ſoule with ſorrowe, now begins to faint,
And yet I cannot moue mens hearts to pitty:)
Thy woes are light, compared vnto mine:
You waterie Nymphes, to mee your plaints reſigne.

And thou *Melpomene*, (the Muſe of Death)
That neuer ſing'ſt, but in a dolefull ſtraine;
Sith cruell Deſtinie hath ſtopt her breath,
(Who whil'ſt ſhe liu'd, was Vertues Soueraigne)
Leaue *Hellicon*, (whoſe bankes ſo pleaſant bee)
And beare a part of ſorrowe now with mee.

The Complaint of Poetrie,

The Trees (for ſorrowe) head their fading Leaues,
And weepe out gum, in ſtead of other teares;
Comfort nor ioy, no Creature now conceiues,
To chirpe and ſing, each little bird forbeares.
The ſillie Sheepe, hangs downe his drooping head,
And all becauſe, that *Bounty* ſhe is dead.

The greater that I feele my griefe to bee,
The leſſer able, am I to expreſſe it;
Such is the nature of extremitie,
The heart it ſom-thing eaſes, to confeſſe it.
Therefore Ile wake my muſe, amidſt her ſleeping,
And what I want in wordes, ſupplie with weeping.

Weepe ſtill mine eies, a Riuer full of Teares,
To drowne my Sorrowe in, that ſo moleſts me;
And rid my head of cares; my thoughts of feares:
Exiling ſweet Content, that ſo deteſts me.
But ah (alas) my Teares are almoſt dun,
And yet my griefe, it is but now begun.

for the Death of Liberalitie.

Euen as the Sunne, when as it leaues our ſight,
Doth ſhine with thoſe Antipodes, beneath vs;
Lending the other worlde her glorious light,
And diſmall Darkneſſe, onely doeth bequeath vs:
Euen ſo ſweet *Bountie*, ſeeming dead to mee,
Liues now to none, but ſmooth-Tongd Flatterie.

O *Adulation*, Canker-worme of Truth;
The flattring Glaſſe of Pride, and Self-conceit:
(Making olde wrinkled Age, appeare like youth)
Diſſimulations Maske, and follies Beate:
Pitty it is, that thou art ſo rewarded,
Whilſt Truth and Honeſtie, goe vnregarded.

O that Nobilitie, it ſelfe ſhould ſtaine,
In being bountifull, to ſuch vile Creatures:
Who, when they flatter moſt, then moſt they faine;
Knowing what humor beſt, will fit their Natures.
What man ſo mad, that knowes himſelfe but pore,
And will beleeue that he hath riches ſtore.

The Complaint of Poetrie,

Vpon a time, the craftie Foxe did flatter
The fooliſh Pye (whoſe mouth was full of meate)
The Pye beleeuing him, began to chatter,
And ſing for ioy, (not hauing liſt to eate)
And whil'ſt the fooliſh Pye, her meate let fall,
The craftie Foxe, did runne awaie with all.

Terence deſcribeth vnder *Gnatoes* name,
The right conditions of a Paraſyte:
(And with ſuch Eloquence, ſets foorth the ſame,
As doeth the learned Reader much delyght)
Shewing, that ſuch a Sycophant as *Gnato*,
Is more eſteem'd, then twentie ſuch as *Plato*.

Bounty looke backe, vpon thy goods miſpent;
And thinke how ill, thou haſt beſtowd thy mony:
Conſider not their wordes, but their intent;
Their hearts are gall, although their tongues be hony:
They ſpeake not as they thinke, but all is fained,
And onely to th'intent to be maintained.

And herein happie, I areade the poore;
No flattring Spanyels, fawne on them for meate:
The reaſon is, becauſe the Countrey Boore
Hath little enough, for himſelfe to eate:
No man will flatter him, except himſelfe;
And why? becauſe hee hath no ſtore of wealth.

But ſure it is not *Liberalitie*
That doeth reward theſe fawning ſmel-feaſts ſo:
It is the vice of Prodigalitie,
That doeth the Bankes of *Bounty* ouer-flo:
Bounty is dead: yea ſo it needes muſt bee;
Or if aliue, yet is ſhee dead to mee.

Therefore as one, whoſe friend is lately dead,
I will bewaile the death, of my deere frend;
Vppon whoſe Tombe, ten thouſand Teares Ile ſhead,
Till drearie Death, of mee ſhall make an end:
Or if ſhe want a Toombe, to her deſart,
Oh then, Ile burie her within my hart.

But (*Bounty*) if thou loue a Tombe of ſtone,
Oh then ſeeke out, a hard and ſtonie hart:
For were mine ſo, yet would it melt with mone,
And all becauſe, that I with thee muſt part.
Then, if a ſtonie hart muſt thee interr,
Goe finde a Step-dame, or a Vſurer.

And ſith there dies no Wight, of great account,
But hath an Epitaph compoſ'd by mee,
Bounty, that did all other far ſurmount,
Vpon her Tombe, this Epitaph ſhall bee:
Here lies the Wight, that Learning did maintaine,
And at the laſt, by AVARICE *was ſlaine.*

Vile *Auarice*, why haſt thou kildd my Deare?
And robd the World, of ſuch a worthy Treaſure?
In whome no ſparke of goodneſſe doth appeare,
So greedie is thy mind, without all meaſure.
Thy death, from Death did merit to releaſe her:
The Murtherers deſeru'd to die, not *Ceſar*.

for the death of Liberalitie.

The Merchants wife ; the Tender-harted Mother:
That leaues her Loue; whoſe Sonne is preſt for warre;
(Reſting, the one; as woefull as the other;)
Hopes yet at length ; when ended is the iarre;
To ſee her Husband; ſee her Sonne againe:
"Were it not then for Hope, the hart were ſlaine.

But I, whoſe hope is turned to deſpaire,
Nere looke to ſee my deareſt Deare againe:
Then *Pleaſure* ſit thou downe, in *Sorrowes* Chaire,
And (for a while) thy wonted Mirth refraine.
Bounty is dead, that whylome was my Treaſure:
Bounty is dead, my ioy and onely pleaſure.

If *Pythias* death, of *Damon* were bewailed;
Or *Pillades* did rue, *Oreſtes* ende:
If *Hercules*, for *Hylas* loſſe were quailed;
Or *Theſeus*, for *Pyrithous* Teares did ſpend:
Then doe I mourne for *Bounty*, being dead:
Who liuing, was my hand, my hart, my head.

My

The Complaint of Poetrie,

My hand, to helpe mee, in my greateſt need:
My hart, to comfort mee, in my diſtreſſe:
My head, whom onely I obeyd, indeed:
If she were ſuch, how can my griefe be leſſe?
Perhaps my wordes, may pierce the *Parcæ's* eares;
If not with wordes, Ile moue them with my teares.

But ah (alas) my Teares are ſpent in vaine,
(For she is dead, and I am left aliue)
Teares cannot call, ſweet *Bounty* backe againe;
Then why doe I, gainſt Fate and Fortune ſtriue?
And for her death, thus weepe, lament, and crie;
Sith euery mortall wight, is borne to die.

But as the woefull mother doeth lament,
Her tender babe, with cruell Death oppreſt:
Whoſe life was ſpotleſſe, pure, and innocent,
(And therefore ſure, it ſoule is gone to reſt)
So *Bountie*, which her ſelfe did vpright keepe,
Yet for her loſſe, loue cannot chuſe but weepe.

The

The losse of her, is losse to many a one:
The losse of her, is losse vnto the poore:
And therefore not a losse, to mee alone,
But vnto such, as goe from Doore to Doore.
Her losse, is losse vnto the fatherlesse;
And vnto all, that are in great distresse.

The maimed Souldier, comming from the warre;
The woefull wight, whose house was lately burnd;
The sillie soule; the wofull Traueylar;
And all, whom Fortune at her feet hath spurnd;
Lament the losse of *Liberalitie*:
" Its ease, to haue in griefe some Companie.

The Wife of *Hector* (sad *Andromache*)
Did not bewaile, her husbands death alone:
But (sith he was the *Troians* onely stey)
The wiues of *Troy* (for him) made æquall mone.
Shee, shead the teares of Loue; and they of pittie:
Shee, for her deare dead Lord; they, for their Cittie.

Nor is the Death of *Liberalitie*,
(Although my griefe be greater than the reſt)
Onely lamented, and bewaild of mee;
(And yet of mee, ſhe was beloued beſt)
But, ſith ſhe was ſo bountifull to all,
She is lamented, both of great and ſmall.

O that my Teares could moue the powres diuine,
That *Bountie* might be called from the dead:
As Pitty pierc'd the hart of *Proſerpine*;
Who (moued with the Teares *Admetus* ſhead)
Did ſende him backe againe, his louing Wife;
Who loſt her owne, to ſaue her husbands life.

Impartiall *Parcæ*, will no prayers moue you?
Can Creatures ſo diuine, haue ſtony harts?
Hapleſſe are they, whoſe hap it is to proue you,
For you reſpect no Creatures good Deſarts.
O *Atropos*, (the cruelſt of the three)
Why haſt thou tane, my faithfull friend from mee?

But ah, ſhe cannot (or ſhe will not) heare me,
Or if ſhe doo, yet may not ſhe repent her:
Then come (ſweet Death) O why doeſt thou forbeare me?
Aye mee! thy Dart is blunt, it will not enter.
Oh now I knowe the cauſe, and reaſon why;
I am immortall, and I cannot dye.

So *Cytherea* would haue dide, but could not;
When faire *Adonis* by her ſide lay ſlaine:
So I deſire the Siſters, what I ſhould not;
For why (alas) I wiſh for Death in vaine;
Death is their ſeruant, and obeys their will;
And if they bid him ſpare, he cannot kill.

Oh would I were, as other Creatures are;
Then would I die, and ſo my griefe were ended:
But Death (againſt my will) my life doeth ſpare;
(So little with the fates I am befrended)
Sith, when I would, thou dooſt my ſute denie,
Vile Tyrant, when thou wilt, I will not die.

And *Bounty*, though her body thou haſt ſlaine,
Yet ſhall her memorie remaine for euer:
For euer, ſhall her memorie remaine;
Whereof no ſpitefull Fortune can bereaue her.
Then Sorrowe ceaſe, and wipe thy weeping eye;
For Fame ſhall liue, when all the World ſhall dye.

FINIS.

THE
Combat, betweene
Conſcience and Couetouſneſſe, in the minde of Man.

——quid non mortalia pectora cogis
Auri ſacra fames? Virgil.

LONDON,
Printed by G.S. for Iohn Iaggard, and are to be ſolde at his shoppe neere Temple-barre, at the Signe of the Hand and ſtarre.
1598.

To his VVorshipfull good friend,

Maister *Iohn Steuenton*, of *Dothill*, in the County of *Salop*, Esquire.

SIth Conscience (long since) is exilde the Citty,
O let her in the Countrey, finde some Pitty:
But if she be exilde, the Countrey too,
O let her finde, some fauour yet of you.

The Combat, betweene Conſcience and Couetouſneſſe, in the mind of Man.

NOw had the cole-blacke ſteedes, of pitchie Night,
(Breathing out Darkneſſe) baniſht cheerfull Light,
And ſleepe (the ſhaddowe of eternall reſt)
My ſeuerall ſenſes, wholy had poſſeſt.
When loe, there was preſented to my view,
A viſion ſtrange, yet not ſo ſtrange, as true.
Conſcience (me thought) appeared vnto mee,
Cloth'd with good Deedes, with Trueth and Honeſtie,
Her countinance demure, and ſober ſad,
Nor any other Ornament ſhee had.
Then *Couetouſneſſe* did incounter her,
Clad in a Caſſock, lyke a Vſurer,
The Caſſock, it was made of poore-mens skinnes,
Lac'd here and there, with many ſeuerall ſinnes:
Nor was it furd, with any common furre;
Or if it were, himſelfe hee was the *fur*.
A Bag of money, in his hande he helde,
The which with hungry eie, he ſtill behelde.
The place wherein this viſion firſt began,
(A ſpacious plaine) was cald *The Minde of Man*.

The Combat, betweene

The Carle no ſooner, *Conſcience* had eſpyde,
But ſwelling lyke a Toade, (puſt vp with pryde)
He ſtraight began againſt her to inuey;
Theſe were the wordes, which *Couetiſe* did ſey.
Conſcience (quoth hee) how dar'ſt thou bee ſo bold,
To claime the place, that I by right doe hold?
Neither by right, nor might, thou canſt obtaine it:
By might (thou knowſt full well) thou canſt not gaine it.
The greateſt Princes are my followars,
The King in Peace, the Captaine in the Warres:
The Courtier, and the ſimple Countrey-man:
The Iudge, the Merchant, and the Gentleman:
The learned Lawyer, and the Politician:
The skilfull Surgeon, and the fine Phyſician:
In briefe, all ſortes of men mee entertaine,
And hold mee, as their Soules ſole Soueraigne,
And in my quarrell, they will fight and die,
Rather then I ſhould ſuffer iniurie.
And as for title, intereſt, and right,
Ile proue its mine by that, as well as might.
Though *Couetouſneſſe*, were vſed long before,
Yet *Iudas* Treaſon, made my Fame the more;
When *Chriſt* he cauſed, crucifyde to bee,
For thirtie pence, man ſolde his minde to mee:
And now adaies, what tenure is more free,
Then that which purchaſ'd is, with Gold and fee?

Con-

Conſcience and Couetouſneſſe.

Conſcience.

With patience, haue I heard thy large Complaint,
Wherein the Diuell, would be thought a Saint:
But wot ye what, the Saying is of olde?
One tale is good, vntill anothers tolde.
Truth is the right, that I muſt ſtand vpon,
(For other title, hath poore *Conſcience* none)
Firſt I will proue it, by Antiquitie,
That thou art but an vp-ſtart, vnto mee;
Before that thou waſt euer thought vpon,
The minde of Man, belongd to mee alone.
For after that the Lord, had Man Created,
And him in bliſſe-full Paradice had ſeated;
(Knowing his Nature was to vice inclynde)
God gaue me vnto man, to rule his mynde,
And as it were, his Gouernour to bee,
To guide his minde, in Trueth, and Honeſtie.
And where thou ſayſt, that man did ſell his ſoule;
That Argument, I quicklie can controule:
It is a fayned fable, thou dooſt tell,
That, which is not his owne, he cannot ſell;
No man can ſell his ſoule, altho he thought it:
Mans ſoule is *Chriſts*, for hee hath dearely bought it.
Therefore vſurping *Couetiſe*, be gone,
For why, the minde belongs to mee alone.

The Combat, betweene

Couetouſneſſe.

Alas poore *Conſcience*, how thou art deceav'd?
As though of ſenſes, thou wert quite bereaud.
What wilt thou ſay (that thinkſt thou canſt not erre)
If I can proue my ſelfe the ancienter?
Though into *Adams* minde, God did infuſe thee,
Before his fall, yet man did neuer vſe thee.
What was it elſe, but *Auarice* in *Eue*,
(Thinking thereby, in greater Bliſſe to liue)
That made her taſte, of the forbidden fruite?
Of her Deſier, was not I the roote?
Did ſhe not couet? (tempted by the Deuill)
The Apple of the Tree, of good and euill?
Before man vſed *Conſcience*, ſhe did couet:
Therefore by her Tranſgreſſion, here I proue it,
That *Couetouſneſſe* poſſeſt the minde of man,
Before that any *Conſcience* began.

Conſcience.

Euen as a counterfeited precious ſtone,
Seemes to bee far more rich, to looke vpon,
Then doeth the right: But when a man comes neere,
His baſe neſſe then, doeth euident appeere:
So *Couetiſe*, the Reaſons thou dooſt tell,
Seeme to be ſtrong, but being weighed well,

They

They are indeed, but onely meere Illuſions,
And doe inforce but very weake Concluſions.
When as the Lord (fore-knowing his offence)
Had giuen man a Charge, of Abſtinence,
And to refraine, the fruite of good and ill:
Man had a *Conſcience*, to obey his will,
And neuer would be tempted thereunto,
Vntill the Woeman, ſhee, did worke *man woe*.
And made him breake, the Lords Commaundement,
Which all Mankinde, did afterward repent:
So that thou ſeeſt, thy Argument is vaine,
And I am prov'd, the elder of the twaine.

Couetouſneſſe.

Fond Wretch, it was not *Conſcience*, but feare,
That made the firſt man (Adam) to forbeare
To taſt the fruite, of the forbidden Tree,
Leſt, if offending hee were found to bee,
(According as *Iehouah* ſaide on hye,
For his ſo great Tranſgreſſion, hee ſhould dye.
Feare curbd his minde, it was not *Conſcience* then,
(For *Conſcience* freely, rules the harts of men)
And is a godly motion of the mynde,
To euerie vertuous action inclynde,
And not enforc'd, through feare of Puniſhment,
But is to vertue, voluntary bent:
Then(ſimple Trul) be packing preſſentlie,
For in this place, there is no roome for thee.

The Combat, betweene

Conſcience.

Aye mee,(diſtreſſed Wight) what ſhall I doe?
Where ſhall I reſt? Or whither ſhall I goe?
Vnto the rich? (woes mee) they,doe abhor me:
Vnto the poore? (alas) they, care not for me:
Vnto the Olde-man? hee;hath mee forgot:
Vnto the Young-man? yet hee,knowes me not:
Vnto the Prince? hee;can diſpence with mee:
Vnto the Magiſtrate? that, may not bee:
Vnto the Court? for it, I am too baſe:
Vnto the Countrey? there, I haue no place:
Vnto the Citty? thence, I am exilde:
Vnto the Village? there;I am reuilde:
Vnto the Barre? the Lawyer there, is bribed?
Vnto the Warre? there, *Conſcience* is derided:
Vnto the Temple? there; I am diſguiſed:
Vnto the Market? there, I am deſpiſed:
Thus both the young aud olde, the rich and poore,
Againſt mee (ſilly Creature) ſhut their doore.
Then, ſith each one ſeekes my rebuke and ſhame,
Ile goe againe to Heauen (from whence I came.)
This ſaide (me thought) making exceeding mone,
She went her way, and left the Carle alone,
Who vaunting of his late-got victorie,
Aduaunc'd himſelfe in pompe and Maieſtie:
Much like a Cocke, who hauing kild his foe,
Brisks vp himſelfe, and then begins to crow.
So *Conetiſe*, when *Conſcience* was departed,

Conſcience and Couetouſneſſe.

Gan to be proud in minde, and hauty harted:
And in a ſtately Chayre of ſtate he ſet him,
(For *Conſcience* baniſht) there was none to let him,
And being but one entrie, to this Plaine,
(Whereof as king and Lord, he did remaine)
Repentance cald, he cauſd that to be kept,
Leſt *Conſcience* ſhould returne, whilſt as he ſlept:
Wherefore he cauſd it, to be wacht and warded
Both night and Day, and to be ſtrongly guarded:
To keepe it ſafe, theſe three he did intreat,
Hardneſſe of hart, with *Falſhood*, and *Deceat*:
And if at any time, ſhe chaunc'd to venter,
Hardneſſe of hart, denide her ſtill to enter.
When *Conſcience* was exilde the minde of Man,
Then *Couetiſe*, his gouernment began.
This once being ſeene, what I had ſeene before,
(Being onely ſeene in ſleepe) was ſeene no more;
For with the ſorrowe, which my Soule did take
At ſight hereof, foorthwith I did awake.

FINIS.

Poems:

In diuers humors.

Trahit sua quemque voluptas. Virgil.

LONDON,
Printed by G. S. for Iohn Iaggard, and are to
be solde at his shoppe neere Temple-barre, at the
Signe of the Hand and starre.
1598.

To the learned, and accompliſht Gentleman, Maiſter *Nicholas Blackleech*, of Grayes Inne.

To you, that know the tuch of true Conceat;
(Whoſe many gifts I neede not to repeat)
I vvrite theſe Lines: fruits of vnriper yeares;
Wherein my Muſe no harder Cenſure feares:
Hoping in gentle Worth, you will them take;
Not for the gift, but for the giuers ſake.

SONNET. I.

To his friend Maister R. L. In praise of Musique and Poetrie.

If Musique and sweet Poetrie agree,
As they must needes (the Sister and the Brother)
Then must the Loue be great, twixt thee and mee,
Because thou lou'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is deare; whose heauenly touch
Vpon the Lute, doeth ravish humaine sense:
Spenser to mee; whose deepe Conceit is such,
As passing all Conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lou'st to heare the sweete melodious sound,
That *Phœbus* Lute (the Queene of Musique) makes:
And I in deepe Delight am chiefly drownd,
When as himselfe to singing he betakes.
One God is God of Both (as Poets faigne)
One Knight loues Both, and Both in thee remaine.

SONNET. II.

Against the Dispraysers of Poetrie.

Chaucer is dead; and *Gower* lyes in grave;
The Earle of *Surrey*, long agoe is gone;
Sir *Philip Sidneis* soule, the Heauens haue;
George Gascoigne him before me, was tomb'd in stone.
Yet, tho their Bodies lye full low in ground,
(As euery thing must dye, that earst was borne)
Their liuing fame, no Fortune can confound;
Nor euer shall their Labours be forlorne.
And you, that discommend sweete Poetrie,
(So that the Subiect of the same be good)
Here may you see, your fond simplicitie;
Sith Kings haue fauord it, of royall Blood.
The King of *Scots* (now liuing) is a Poet,
As his *Lepanto*, and his *Furies* shoe it.

A Remembrance of ſome Engliſh Poets.

LIue *Spenſer* euer, in thy *Fairy Queene:*
Whoſe like (for deepe Conceit) was neuer ſeene.
Crownd mayſt thou bee, vnto thy more renowne,
(As King of Poets) with a Lawrell Crowne.

And *Daniell*, praiſed for thy ſweet-chaſt Verſe:
Whoſe Fame is grav'd on *Roſamonds* blacke Herſe.
Still mayſt thou liue: and ſtill be honored,
For that rare Worke, *The White Roſe and the Red.*

And *Drayton*, whoſe wel-written Tragedies,
And ſweete Epiſtles, ſoare thy fame to skies.
Thy learned Name, is æquall with the reſt;
Whoſe ſtately Numbers are ſo well addreſt.

And *Shakeſpeare* thou, whoſe hony-flowing Vaine,
(Pleaſing the World) thy Praiſes doth containe.
Whoſe *Venus*, and whoſe *Lucrece* (ſweete, and chaſte)
Thy Name in fames immortall Booke haue plac't.
Liue euer you, at leaſt in Fame liue euer:
Well may the Bodye dye, but Fame die neuer.

An Ode.

AS it fell vpon a Day,
In the merrie Month of May,
Sitting in a pleaſant ſhade,
Which a groue of Myrtles made,
Beaſtes did leape, and Birds did ſing,
Trees did grow, and Plants did ſpring:

Euery

An Ode.

Euery thing did baniſh mone,
Saue the Nightingale alone.
Shee (poore Bird) as all forlorne,
Leand her Breaſt vp-till a Thorne;
And there ſung the dolefulſt Ditty,
That to heare it was great Pitty.
Fie, fie, fie; now would ſhe cry
Tereu Tereu, by and by:
That to heare her ſo complaine,
Scarce I could from Teares refraine:
For her griefes ſo liuely ſhowne,
Made me thinke vpon mine owne.
Ah (thought I) thou mourn'ſt in vaine;
None takes Pitty on thy paine:
Senſleſſe Trees, they cannot heere thee;
Ruthleſſe Beares, they wil not cheer thee.
King *Pandion*, hee is dead:
All thy friends are lapt in Lead.
All thy fellow Birds doe ſinge,
Careleſſe of thy ſorrowing.
Whilſt as fickle Fortune ſmilde,
Thou and I, were both beguilde.
Euerie one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in miſerie:
Words are eaſie, like the winde;
Faithfull friends are hard to finde:
Euerie man will bee thy friend,
Whilſt thou haſt wherewith to ſpend:
But if ſtore of Crownes be ſcant,
No man will ſupply thy want.

An Ode.

If that one be prodigall,
Bountifull, they will him call:
And with ſuch-like flattering,
Pitty but hee were a King.
If he bee adict to vice,
Quickly him, they will intice.
If to Woemen hee be bent,
They haue at Commaundement.
But if Fortune once doe frowne,
Then farewell his great renowne:
They that fawnd on him before,
Vſe his company no more.
Hee that is thy friend indeed,
Hee will helpe thee in thy neede:
If thou ſorrowe, hee will weepe;
If thou wake, hee cannot ſleepe:
Thus of euerie griefe, in hart
Hee, with thee, doeth beare a Part.
Theſe are certaine Signes, to knowe
Faithfull friend, from flattring foe.

Written, at the requeſt of a Gentleman, vnder a Gentlewomans Picture.

EVen as *Apelles* could not paint *Campaſpes* face aright,
Becauſe *Campaſpes* Sun-bright eyes did dimme *Apelles* ſight:
Euen ſo, amazed at her ſight, her ſight, all ſights excelling,
Like *Nyobe* the Painter ſtoode, her ſight his ſight expelling.
Thus Art and Nature did contend, who ſhould the Victor bee,
Till Art by Nature was ſuppreſt, as all the worlde may ſee.

An Epitaph vpon the Death, of Sir Philip Sidney, Knight: Lord-gouernour of Vliſsing.

THat *England* loſt, that Learning lov'd, that euery mouth commended,
That fame did prayſe, that Prince did rayſe, that Countrey ſo defended,
Here lyes the man: lyke to the Swan, who knowing ſhee ſhall die,
Doeth tune her voice vnto the Spheares, and ſcornes Mortalitie.
Two worthie Earls his vncles were; a Lady was his Mother;
A Knight his father; and himſelfe a noble Counteſſe Brother.
Belov'd, bewaild; aliue, now dead; of all, with Teares for euer;
Here lyes Sir *Philip Sidneis* Corps, whom cruell Death did ſeuer.
He liv'd for her, hee dyde for her; for whom he dyde, he liued:
O graunt (O God) that wee of her, may neuer bee depriued.

An Epitaph vpon the Death of his Aunt, Miſtreſſe Elizabeth Skrymſher.

LOe here beholde the certaine Ende, of euery liuing wight:
No Creature is ſecure from Death, for Death will haue his Right.
He ſpareth none: both rich and poore, both young and olde muſt die;
So fraile is fleſh, ſo ſhort is Life, ſo ſure Mortalitie.
When firſt the Body liues to Life, the ſoule firſt dies to ſinne:
And they that looſe this earthly Life, a heauenly Life ſhall winne,
If they liue well: as well ſhe liv'd, that lyeth Vnder heere,
Whoſe Vertuous Life to all the Worlde, moſt plainly did appeere.
Good to the poore, friend to the rich, and foe to no Degree:
A Preſident of modeſt Life, and peerleſſe Chaſtitie.
Who louing more, Who more belov'd, of euerie honeſt mynde?
Who more to Hoſpitalitie, and Clemencie inclinde
Then ſhe? that being buried heere, lyes wrapt in Earth below;
From whence wee came, to whom wee muſt, and bee as ſhee is now,
A Clodd of Clay: though her pure ſoule in endleſſe Bliſſe doeth reſt;
Ioying all Ioy, the Place of Peace, prepared for the bleſt:
Where holy Angells ſit and ſing, before the King of Kings;
Not mynding worldly Vanities, but onely heavenly Things.
Vnto which Ioy, Vnto which Bliſſe, Vnto which Place of Pleaſure,
God graunt that wee may come at laſt, t'inioy that heauenly Treaſure.
Which to obtaine, to liue as ſhee hath done let vs endeuor;
That wee may liue with Chriſt himſelfe, (above) that liues for euer.

A Comparison of the Life of Man.

Mans life is vvell compared to a feast,
Furnisht with choice of all Varietie:
To it comes Tyme; and as a bidden guest
Hee sets him downe, in Pompe and Maiestie;
The three-folde Age of Man, the Waiters bee:
Then with an earthen voyder (made of clay)
Comes Death, & takes the table clean away.

FINIS.

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